

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

Lord. The King and Queene and all are coming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lo. d. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you goe to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me,

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we desie augury, there is speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.*

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me,

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht With a sore distraction: what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes, Wast Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be rane away,

And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet doo's it not, Hamlet denies it,

Who dooes it then? his madnes. Ist be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemy,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts

That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive in this case should stirre me most To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor Istand a loote, and will no reconcilment, Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor I haue a voyce and president of peace To my name vngor'd: but all that time I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King Giue them the foiles young Ostricke, cosin Ham, You know the wager,

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both, But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table, If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,

And in the cup an Onixe shall he throw,

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now